

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXVI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1907.

NUMBER 40

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

To My Dog "Blanco."

My dear dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which leal and true
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff, nor pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
Can move you from my side—

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well;

I clasp your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! Did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility.

Did I sit fondly at his feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine.
—J. G. Holland.

A STOLEN BATTLESHIP

By FRED WHISNAW.

War had not actually been declared. Indeed there were a few who still professed to believe that the differences might even now be arranged without the shedding of blood.

There is no need to enter into the rights and wrongs of the quarrel. It had begun in an alleged act of disrespect on the part of the people of Vandolia towards the Prince (hereditary) of Pegrim. This Prince Leopold it will be remembered, had been the accepted fiance of the pretty daughter of the King Guy of Vandolia, who, for her own part, had other views and intentions with regard to the disposal of her fair hand, the people of her native country siding strongly with her in the matter and against the King, her father, and the Prince of Pegrim, the suitor accepted by him. Thus it was that when the Prince visited the Vandolian Court, on invitation, of course, he had the misfortune to be hooted at in the streets and to be called many offensive names, and even, it is said, to be made the target for a discharge of eggs of indifferent quality.

This unhappy incident led to diplomatic representations, and though apologies were offered these did not appear to be tendered with all the humility and sincerity considered requisite by the outraged Pegrimese.

Misunderstandings followed. Bitter correspondence occupied the wires for a few days. Then Pegrim complicated matters by suddenly demanding the settlement of a certain old-standing claim for compensation in a fishery dispute, and presented an ultimatum.

At the same time came news which greatly disquieted the brave Vandolians, who saw in this latest telegram from St. Louis, the Pegrimese capital indication of coming disaster and, it might be, ruin.

As all the world is well aware, both Vandolia and Pegrim are South Pacific States of little importance to anyone but their own ruler and population. Geographically their respective positions are, indeed, to be found upon a good map, if it be a fairly large one; but neither in territorial area nor in available revenue is either State so considerable as to be a matter of much interest to the rest of the world.

The surprising news telegraphed most unexpectedly from St. Louis to Vando was nothing less than this, that Pegrim had purchased a first class battleship, in good condition, from the United States who, having settled matter with Spain, with some assistance from this very vessel, the Acteon, were now selling off their old stock.

"Why, good Heavens!" exclaimed the Prime Minister at Vando, when this terrible telegram was read out to him, "where did they

get the money from? They have no credit in New York, no more than we have!"

"The rascals must have negotiated a loan somewhere!" said the pale, seared clerk, who had brought in the message. "I thought there must be something in the air, their conduct has of late been so very aggressive."

"I'm afraid you are right," said the Minister. "We could have held them with our fleet, but for this, and they knew it; now—"

Venuzzia did not finish his speech; natural emotions choked his utterance.

Vandolia's fleet could certainly, as he declared, have accounted for that of Pegrim as it had existed up to this day; for as against the obsolete cruiser and two dangerous gunboats possessed by Pegrim there lay in Vandolia's principal harbor a fine old battleship, the Monopole (much out of date, of course, and in ill repair, but fairly seaworthy and with two enormous turrets, each provided with a stupendous gun); and besides the Monopole there was two torpedo boats, one of which had lost its torpedo tube and could therefore only be of use for the purpose of terrifying the enemy; while over and above these splendid vessels, there are two which the Minister of Marine was accustomed to designate "third class cruisers."

But, unfortunately, of these one was without engines, and the other was used as a hospital and prison, and was no more ready for a sudden naval campaign than its sister ship. Naturally, all things considered, this sudden and unexpected purchase by a rival State of a battleship of proved efficiency appeared to Venuzzia, Prime Minister of Vandolia, like the first stroke of impending doom.

The war, if it came—as it surely must—to war, would be fought upon the high seas. Neither State possessed an army, if we except a militia regiment or so, employed more for the purpose of police duty than anything else. Soldiers would be useless in a Vando-Pegrimese war, for this reason, that between the frontiers of Vandolia and Pegrim there lies a third and very much larger State, but for which geographical and providential fact the two smaller States would long since have annihilated one another like the famous cats of Kilkenny. The rulers of this third State, Campania, had, moreover, made it a matter of full knowledge to both parties concerned, that if either should request Campania to allow its troops to march through her territory in order to fly at the throat of the other, Campania would see them—well, in diplomatic language, Campania would "withhold her consent."

So, then, the war, if to war it should come between them, must be fought upon the high seas, and thus it was that Vandolia found herself suddenly confronted by a problem. On one hand was the ultimatum of Pegrim, requiring satisfaction for the fishery dispute; on the other hand lay war; and war, with the Acteon ready to sail out of harbor, fully armed and manned, would be practically over as soon as begun.

"We cannot possibly recede from our position!" said poor Venuzzia; "the honor of the nation demands that we should refuse to pay this million of dollars."

"We haven't the money, or anything like it," added the Minister of Finance.

"The ultimatum expires the day after to-morrow at 7 P. M.," said Venuzzia. "I see no way out of the difficulty; it is an *impasse*; we must inform his Majesty and learn his views upon the matter."

So to the King's palace the Cabinet repaired, there they found his Majesty dining with his family, which consisted of the Queen and his charming daughter, Princess Angela; there was also a guest present, a German prince, Otto von Elberhauser, a gay and gallant young man, but not at present in great favor with the King, because it was for this suitor's sake that Angela, his daughter, had elevated her nose at the Prince of Pegrim, thus directly causing the political deadlock of the present moment.

The communication which Venuzzia had to make to the royal party

naturally threw the family circle into a state of gloom bordering upon despair.

"We are lost!" said the Queen, weeping into her lace handkerchief. "Yes—we are ruined—undone!" echoed his Majesty. "Oh, Angela, . . ."

To the surprise of all present Prince Otto von Elberhauser here suddenly interposed.

"Not a bit of it, your Majesty," he exclaimed quite bravely; "you are very far from ruined. War is not yet declared; there are still forty-seven hours before us; in that period much may be done!"

Prince Otto actually laughed, a circumstance which filled all present (excepting Princess Angela) with horror. It seemed a shocking thing that this person—practically the first cause of all the trouble at present confronting the State—should behave in a light and unseemly, nay, frivolous manner in the face of imminent disaster to those whom he had himself brought this trouble.

"Does your Highness not discern," said the King gravely, "but with perfect courtesy, 'that these Pegrimese are minded to ruin us? It is as Venuzzia declares an *impasse*. Our exchequer is not overflowing; we cannot pay their fishery claim if we would. Therefore they will declare war upon us in, as you rightly calculate, in about forty-seven hours. Forty-seven hours may, in certain circumstances, be regarded as a considerable period of time; for us it is as useless as a single half hour, for we can accomplish no more towards safeguarding our country in two days than we could accomplish in two minutes. We can neither build nor procure a battleship in forty-seven hours."

"With your Majesty's pardon," smiled Otto "that is the very point upon which I venture to differ from your Majesty. I see no reason why we should not procure a battleship within the time stated."

King, Queen, and Cabinet gaped upon one another in bewildered silence. Was this man perpetrating a heartless and most ill timed jest? What could he mean? Was he mad or a fool?

"His Highness jests!" murmured Venuzzia. "Battleships are not to be picked up on the high seas for the asking, neither is there any harbor within a day's sail, or two days' sail where such a vessel could at this moment be purchased by us; and if there were, there is first the treasure to be found, and—"

"His Excellence will pardon me," said Otto, "but he is wrong in his premises. I know of a battleship, as fine and magnificent a vessel as he would desire to see, and this battleship may be procured without money, and within the specified period, for she rides at anchor at this moment well within a twenty-four hours' sail waiting, if I may say so, for us to lay claim to her."

Venuzzia glanced at his peers and at the King. Then his eyes returned to the face of Otto and he shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not follow his Highness!" he murmured.

"Then I will explain," laughed Otto. "The name of the harbor I refer to is St. Louis, and the vessel is the Acteon."

Had a bomb fallen in the midst of the party (to use a hackneyed expression) it could not have produced more amazement than Otto's words.

"How?—when?—I do not comprehend," muttered the old King. And Venuzzia sat with open mouth and wide eyes staring at Prince Otto and at his colleagues, but saying nothing.

"It is perfectly simple," said the German. "Here is an ultimatum; good. At 7 P. M. the day after to-morrow, this ultimatum, if still disregarded by us, becomes, *ipso facto*, a declaration of war; good again. At 7.15 of that evening Vandolia shall make the first move in the newly declared war, and that move will be the capture of the Acteon by a boat's crew of armed men, of whom I trust to be allowed to be one."

"But—" began Venuzzia, and remained silent, his mouth still open but no sound coming therefrom.

"But," echoed one or two others

of the King's bewildered advisers, "a boat's crew to seize a battle ship? It is madness—it is impossible!"

"By no means," said Otto cordially. "Believe me that I speak upon particular knowledge. See, I have received a letter."

The Prince produced an envelope as he spoke, from which he drew a letter, which he laid upon the table.

"It is a letter from a friend in St. Louis," he explained. "My friend is the Principal banker in the Pegrim capital. He bids me warn my kind hosts in Vandolia. 'They should be advised,' he writes, 'to accede to the terms of his Pegrimese Highness. As the friend of the Court, you would deal well by the King to counsel him to this effect, for the purchase of the Acteon is, in fact a supreme act of policy which has laid the Vandolian power at our feet. Better to pay or promise the million dollars than to see every maritime city that his Majesty possesses laid to ruins. In confidence, I may tell you that within four hours of the declaration of war—that is at eleven o'clock of the night of Wednesday—the Acteon will sail out upon her mission of devastation. Her triumph over the weakness of Vandolian resistance is certain.'"

The Pegrimese intend to celebrate their victory beforehand, so sure are they, and justly, of their success. There is to be a great national banquet on the evening of Wednesday, when the officers and crew of the Acteon are to be the chief guests, and when they will be toasted as though already the conquering heroes which, since nothing can prevent it, they will prove within a short space of time. Oxen will be roasted whole; wine is to flow freely for all—etc., etc. From this you will realize how great, and withal and legitimate, is the confidence of the Pegrimese people in the strength of their cause, or—if you prefer it—of the armaments of the Acteon. Therefore I say, as the friend of the court of Vandolia, counsel them, if you can, to timely submission."

Prince Otto folded his letter and pocketed it. "That is the particular information," he ended. "The question is, dare you act upon it? Of course, with a crew of some six or seven hundred men, the vessel is not likely to be left absolutely empty. There must be left on board a few at least. Steam will have to be got up by them while the others feast ashore, for at eleven the Acteon is due to sail."

The banquet on the following Wednesday evening was a grand success. It was a warm autumn evening, though somewhat dark, but those who were assembled at the fete in the public park could plainly distinguish the lines of the magnificent battleship lying nearly a mile out in the bay, for she was decorated gaudily with Chinese lanterns, and stood out—an edifice of twinkling light—against the blackness of the sky and water.

The great ship had been toasted a thousand times by individual banqueters and by groups of excited admirers. If a vessel could feel proud and flattered, she must surely have spent a royal evening, for every throat hailed her as defender and hero, as the country's darling and pride, as the savior of the honor of the nation, and so on. Each banqueter awaited the supreme moment of national joy and triumph, when, at ten o'clock, the nation would salute the embodiment of its power—the pledge of imminent victory—with the discharge of a great many guns and rockets, which demonstration would just precede the embarkation of the crew, and be the signal for the breakup of the happy national gathering.

Officers and crew were preparing to depart. They pledged, in the last glasses of wine, their relatives their lovers. It was time to begin their farewells, for in five minutes up would go the rockets and bang would go the guns, and then—away to battle and to glory! The partings would not be for long. In a couple of days Vandolia should be smoking in ashes, and within a week the Acteon would be back in harbor, her mission of destruction accomplished.

And now the psychical moment had arrived.

With a sudden starting swish and a great whirr up went the first rocket—the signal for the grand national salute.

Bang went the guns from the two small forts, one on each side of the harbor, answering one another. It was a very fine effect, and with the discharge of rockets well kept up in the foreground made altogether a notable demonstration, though undoubtedly a noisy one for sensitive ears. While this grand national salute was still in progress, the searchlight was suddenly switched on by the Acteon, and, sweeping up and down the sea-front, added enormously to the general effect of light and brilliance, as well as to the enthusiasm of the people, who yelled their delight at full lung power.

"That searchlight is a good idea," said the young Prince of Pegrim (the rejected swain of Princess Angela), who sat at table with Petrucci, captain of the Acteon, on his left.

Petrucci said nothing; he bowed. The thing was a surprise to him; he did not quite understand why it had been done, for no orders had been left as to the searchlight. He agreed with the Prince, however, that the idea was a good one, and felt somewhat grateful towards the young officer left in charge of the ship for having thought of it.

Suddenly during a lull in the din of salutation from fort and sea-front, the very loud discharge of a big gun from on board the Acteon startled for an instant the assembled crowd, but was quickly greeted with a tremendous cheer.

"Ah! she is replying to our salutes!" cried the delighted inhabitants. "Good old Acteon—what a gun, eh?" Only think of poor Vandolia peppered by our little nine-inch with the full charge in her—eh?—what?"

All Pegrim was thoroughly acquainted with the armament of the Acteon; the newspapers had made it their business to educate the people on this point.

"That must have been the nine-inch!" exclaimed the Prince. "What a terrific discharge! And did you observe the disturbance of the air above us? Why, it might have been a shell flying overhead!"

Captain Petrucci had risen in his place.

"What dickens—" he exclaimed, forgetting in his agitation that he was in the presence of royalty—"what the dickens is young Martinson about?"

He did not say that a shell had actually flown over the heads of the feasters, but he knew it.

Bang went the salutes once more, and crash!—there followed a second discharge from the Acteon. This time a remarkable thing happened. The Admiralty building, looking out upon the grand sea-front of St. Louis, was a fine, ornate structure, quite new. A gigantic figure of Neptune ornamented the centre of the huge Doric porch. The Acteon's searchlight had illuminated this portion of the building with a blaze of radiance, as though calling attention to the fact that this day Pegrim, as mistress of the ocean—in so far, that is, as concerned her own share of it and that of Vandolia—claimed, henceforward, once and for ever, the special protection of the sea-god.

This delicate poetical allusion had been observed and appreciated by the people, whom it greatly delighted.

But at the second discharge of the Acteon's big gun it was seen to the horror of all, that where, a moment before, great Neptune had surmounted the Doric porch, which was his footstool, there was now neither statue nor porch, but instead a heap of ruined masonry from which arose clouds of dust and smoke.

"Good Heavens!" cried one and all, "there has been a terrible accident! The Acteon's gun was loaded, unknown to the gunners, with shell cartridge!"

The captain, Petrucci, was in despair; he stood staring at the ruins, tearing his hair, weeping and groaning.

"He has gone mad!" Martinson has gone mad!" he cried; and forthwith, without greeting to prince or peer, he dashed away towards the

jetty, shouting aloud for his officers to follow him. "Lieutenant Martinson," he shouted, "whom I left in charge of the ship, has gone mad, and is bombarding the town!"

As to the bombardment, there was not much doubt of that, though, fortunately, no shells were directed among the teeming masses of the population, the feasters, and the spectators. Had Martinson sent a shell or two among the crowd, that would have been disaster indeed! The two forts, however, were blown to pieces very quickly, and there was a sudden end to the saluting.

Then the people realized that something had gone seriously wrong on board the Acteon, and though she had now ceased firing, they stood no longer in crowds, but dispersed hither and thither, and discussed the situation in small groups, shivering and wondering watching the captain's cutter as it neared the great vessel which had suddenly behaved itself in so unseemly and surprising a fashion.

They saw the small boat reach the battleship, and watched the officers go aboard. Presently the cutter returned to the harbor, and there stepped ashore a stranger, who asked to be taken to the Prince of Pegrim.

The Prince was himself close to the landing-stage and was soon in conversation with the stranger, who, to his amazement, promptly made the city surrender to *force majeure*, on pain of being blown to matchwood by the guns of his Majesty's ship Acteon.

"By our own ship?" exclaimed the Prince. "What do you mean, sir? Are you the mad, Lieutenant Martinson?"

"Pardon, Highness," said the other; "I am not Martinson; neither is the Acteon any longer an item in your navy list; she is already our prize of war; in the name of his Vandolian Majesty we captured the ship at 7.15 this evening, shortly after the declaration of war."

"Arrest him!" shrieked the Prince. The stranger quickly flashed a lantern over his head, once, twice, and thrice. Instantly a gun from the big ship roared out in response to the signal. There was a cloud of dust and stones, and another bit of the Admiralty lay in ruins.

"Donner und Blitzen-wetter!" cried the Prince, who always preferred to swear in German. "We are lost!"

"Yes," said Otto. "You are lost, Highness; you had better give the necessary orders and come on board at once with the members of your Cabinet."

The fishery dispute was settled presently, but not in the manner expected by his Pegrimese Majesty. On the contrary, the Vandolian treasury was the richer for the arrangement by the comfortable sum of two million dollars, and his own the poorer by exactly that sum. The marriage of Princess Angela was settled also, and settled in perfect accordance with the ideas of Prince Otto and of the charming Princess herself.

As for that fide ship, the Acteon, she floats at this moment in the pretty Vandolian harbor of Aquapura, the pride and the delight of the nation that possesses her, and in her mastery of the seas—those, at least, which wash the shores of their own native country and of Pegrim, their natural enemy.—*Toronto Saturday Night*.

Pin Down Your Attention.

Concentration is the secret of correctness. We make our mistakes when our attention is diverted.

The young people who are going into business should never allow their minds to wander. Do not read a story and take part in the conversation at the same time. If you do not enjoy the lecture you are attending, listen to it as if it were the most fascinating theme in the world. Whether the thing you are doing is important or otherwise, it is of the utmost importance that you should learn to pin down your attention and hold it unswervingly.—*Ex.*

Plain dealing is a jewel, but he who uses it will die a beggar.

Untimely Messages.

A story of the delightful effective turning of the human worm comes from the Chicago *Record-Herald*. For several weeks Raymond has been the only tenant of his house. Mrs. Raymond and the children were waiting in the south for the weather to settle. Late one evening, when Raymond was in the bathtub, he heard somebody ringing the front door bell.

He decided not to pay any attention to it. The person who was doing the ringing would presently get the idea that nobody was at home and go away.

But the ringing continued. Raymond went on scrubbing his back with the long-handled brush and rubbing soap over himself and hoping that the individual who was ringing the bell might be good enough to quit before the battery was exhausted or the wires were worn out. At last, when he could stand it no longer, he got out of the water, put on a bath robe and went to the front window, from which he was able to see who was at the door.

He beheld a telegraph messenger and at once began to feel queer in the region of the heart. Something had happened to his wife or one of the children.

"Be down in a minute," he called to the boy, and he was good as his word. He did not wait to put on any more clothes. He even forgot that he was barefooted.

When he opened the boy handed him what looked like a telegram, but was, in fact, only a clever imitation of one. He tore open the envelope and read the message:

Dear Sir—Have you examined our ten-dollar overcoat? If not, you should do so at once. They will interest you.

DASHINGTON,
Clothing and Haberdashery.

The boy, who wore a uniform like that of a telegraph messenger, departed while Raymond was reading the advertisement, and thus probably saved himself from being personally assaulted.

Raymond was angry. He threw the piece of paper on the floor and stamped his heel on it; but, being barefooted he hurt his heel more than he did the advertisement. This did not improve his temper.

His anger increased as the moments passed. When he went to bed he was in a fighting mood. He wondered if it might be possible to prosecute a man who counterfeited telegraph blanks for the purpose of deceiving people. He tossed about, nursing his anger against Dashington and vowing that he would go naked through the streets rather than buy so much as a necktie at the Dashington store. Finally at about 2 o'clock in the morning a happy thought struck him.

He hopped out of bed, went to the telephone, found Dashington's house number and called for it. Reasonably soon somebody sleepily asked what was wanted.

"Is this Mr. Dashington's residence?"

"Yes."

"I should like to speak to him."

"He can't be disturbed at this time of night. Call in this morning."

"No; I must speak to him now."

"Won't you give me your message?"

"No; I must speak to him personally."

"But do you realize what time it is?"

"Yes, but I am very anxious to speak to him at once. Please call him to the telephone immediately."

After a long time another sleepy voice was heard.

"Hello! Is this Dashington?" asked Raymond.

"Yes."

"Well, I just want to tell you that I got your telegram late this evening, and I don't care to look at any of those ten dollar overcoats. I thought you'd be anxious to know whether the messenger succeeded in finding me, so I—"

There were jumbled chunks of language mixed with sounds indicating that the instrument at the other end was being subjected to harsh usage, and then silence. After this Raymond went back to peaceful sleep and pleasant dreams.—*Youth's Companion*.

He who angers others is not himself at ease.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
One Copy, one year \$1.00
Not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.
Contributions, subscriptions and Business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Nenth, the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

On Tuesday afternoon, September 24th, Premier Whitney made public, at the Parliament Buildings, the result of the investigation into the management of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, Canada, Ont.

The investigation was ordered as the result of charges made prior to the resignation as Principal of Mr. R. Mathison, now Supreme Secretary of the Independent Order of Foresters. The Commissioner's report reflects great credit upon Mr. Mathison's conduct of the institution, and as for the charges, which were of a trivial nature, they are dismissed in words that only add to Mr. Mathison's good record.

The Commissioner says:

"I attribute much of the success of Mr. Mathison's system of instruction to his personal attention to the students before and after they graduate from the institution. The same method in other hands might not work out so successfully." The commissioner, after summing up the evidence on the system of instruction, thus reports: "I find upon the evidence, after giving this charge most serious consideration and from perusal of numerous well-written articles upon this subject by men who have given the education of the deaf and dumb special attention, that the system of teaching oralism in this institution was defective, but at the same time permit me to add that I find no fault with Mr. Mathison in this respect. He has for many years been anxious to introduce the oral method, but he has not received the support he deserved and has been handicapped by lack of teachers and proper and sufficient accommodation."

The friends of Mr. Matheson in the United States—and they are legion—will rejoice to learn of the long-delayed justice done him, and the public appreciation and endorsement of his service to the education of the deaf through more than a quarter of a century. He was well known and always highly esteemed by those engaged in the profession of teaching the deaf in this country, and his attendance at conventions of American Teachers was characterized by active work and earnest effort to uplift the standard of education. His retirement was a loss to the deaf, though it has and always will be a gain to him both in personal ease and financial prosperity.

Deaf Teacher Honored.

Governor Beckham has appointed Mr. M. T. Long a member of the Kentucky Historical Society for Boyle County. Mr. Long is an enthusiastic collector of antiquities and has one of the finest private museums in the State. Boyle County was one of the first sections in the State to be settled, and was the battle ground of the white and red men in pioneer days. Danville was the first capital of the State and many of the foremost men of the State and nation have lived here. The field is a rich one and we are glad that the Historical Society that has been languishing a good many years has taken on a new lease of life.—Ky. Standard.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Advent of the Pigskin Warriors

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET DISCOURSES

East Wing Chronicle.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Sept. 29, 1907.—Gallaudet defeated the Calumet Athletic Club, composed of old and new stars of the Eastern High School, in a practice game, on Garlic Field, Saturday afternoon, by the score of 14 to 6. The game was played during a hard down-pour of rain, on a slippery field. Eastern High School cancelled her match with us on the schedule, leaving the date open to Calumet.

Gallaudet showed poor team work, considering it was the first practice game. But, compared to last year's team's first showing, they certainly beat the limit. Calumet was unable to make a single touchdown throughout the game, Gallaudet's defensive line being a veritable stone wall. The Buff and Blue players had sure hold of the pigskin, which they easily carried about the gridiron. With the exception of a long run and touchdown made by Calumet's quarter back on a pass intended for Torrell, Gallaudet would have easily blanked the outsiders. Calumet mainly relied on her gains by punting and recovering the slippery pigskin. Gallaudet easily broke through the ranks of their opponents, making long advances to the goal. Sharp made two touchdowns for Gallaudet, but Mosey, Kutzleb, Hower and Torrell, were the real ground gainers for the Buff and Blue. O'Donnell could not play at quarter back on account of a weak knee, and Henry filled up the position.

Birek, a novice at the game, was put at left guard, and showed up well, especially in punting. Hower, left end, made some brilliant runs in the second half of the game. Bell as centre, and Cadwell as right guard, had their avoidpoups in the way of the opposing team. Underhill at right tackle did some good work, but was forced to leave the game soon after the first half. N. McDonald was substituted. There were nine veteran players on the Buff and Blue team. The line-up was as follows.

GALLAUDET		CALUMET A. C.	
Hower	Left End	Wooden	Left End
Vinson	Left Tackle	McClintock	Left Tackle
Birek	Left Guard	Harr	Left Guard
W. Bell	Centre	McPhee	Centre
Cadwell	Right Guard	Callahan	Right Guard
Underhill	Right Tackle	Taylor	Right Tackle
N. McDonald	Right Tackle		
Mosey	Right End	Salb	Right End
Henry	Quarterback	Farmer	Quarterback
Kutzleb	Left Half-Back	McGiffin	Left Half-Back
Torrell	Right Half-Back	Noyes	Right Half-Back
Sharp	Full Back	Martin	Full Back
		Dodd	

Referee—Mr. W. Cooper, '08, of Gallaudet. Two fifteen minute halves.

After some playing, it came to Gallaudet's kick-off. Calumet was unable to make a down, while Gallaudet advanced near the goal, Sharp making a touchdown. Score, 6 to 0, in favor of Gallaudet. Birek punted the pigskin, which was caught up by Calumet, but Sharp blocked the advance, leaving them glued to the spot. Torrell failed to pass. Gallaudet caught a punt, and got to goal on a safety. Score, 8 to 0, in favor of the Buff and Blue.

Calumet kicked off, the ball being caught by Henry, who advanced some yards. Kutzleb then carried the pigskin three yards. Calumet punted, Gallaudet failed to catch the ball. Mosey rushed through the line for about five yards, followed by Torrell, who pulled through with a gain of three. Hower made a brilliant run, but fumbled, just as time was declared up. First half over, score being 8 to 0, in favor of the Kendall Green boys.

Calumet kicked off to Torrell, who dug through, and later Vinson, the big left tackle, came to the rescue, carrying the oval some two yards. Birek made a wrong punt, but Gallaudet caught it safely. Hower got the pigskin on Calumet's fumble. Calumet's quarter back caught a pass intended for Torrell, and ran a long run, scoring a touchdown. Score 8 to 6.

Mosey made a sensational run of about forty yards. Kutzleb punched a hole into Calumet's line, with a run. Hower did a beautiful run in an oblique direction. Torrell advanced the pigskin to twenty yards near goal, but was penalized fifteen for hurdling. Later, the outsiders were also penalized five yards for a misplay. Ball near goal carried through by Kutzleb. Torrell kicking ball over goal, narrowly escaped being blocked. Score, 14 to 6, in favor of Gallaudet.

Friday evening, Dr. Gallaudet gave an account of his European trip, before a gathering of the student body and Faculty, including some outsiders. Our venerable

president gave the incidents of his trip in his usual humorous vein, which evoked rounds of laughter. His clear and graphic signs of which he is a consummate master, served to transport his hearers to distant regions—as England, Scotland, Switzerland, Belgium—without leaving dry ground. The doctor showed his threescore and ten years to be a lightsome burden by climbing mountains in Switzerland.

The conference of teachers in Edinburgh, which Dr. Gallaudet attended while in Scotland, gave him the occasion of meeting men from distant parts of the country, who were intimately connected with the education of the deaf. During one of the meetings of the associations of the deaf, held at the same time. Dr. Gallaudet met Mr. Francis Maginn, well-known and beloved by old timers of Gallaudet, as the "irrepressible Irishman." When both met, it was "hands across the sea."

Following came a social hour. The new students made up acquaintances, and a pleasant evening was enjoyably spent.

Miss Alice Nicholson, ex-'09, has returned to College, and is now a member of the Class of 1910.

Mr. Robert Earl Binkley, '07, is following his favorite pursuit,—that of an electrician, in Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Helen Fay, daughter of Dr. Edward A. Fay, has been appointed teacher in the Kendall School, in the place of Mr. Theodore A. Kiesel, '81.

The first regular meeting of the Saturday Night Dramatic Club was held in the Lyceum, Friday afternoon. It was unanimously voted that the college stage should be improved, and a boost be made in college theatricals. Dramatic talent was never so much in evidence as it is now. The report of the Treasurer showed the Club to be on a sound financial basis. The new members were sworn in. An election of officers for the ensuing year followed. The newly-elected officers are given below:

President, Robert L. Davis, '09; Vice President, Philip E. Cadwell, '10; Secretary, Morton Henry, '09; Treasurer, Arthur Dillon, '10.

Committee on Play: Robert L. Davis, '09, Chairman; O. W. Underwood, '08, F. O'Donnell, '09, Harold Preston, '09, F. Schoneman, '08.

Committee on Arrangements: Philip E. Cadwell, '10, Chairman; Morton Henry, '09, Arthur Dillon, '10, E. Talbert, '11, Vernon S. Birek L. C.

In spite of Dr. Wiley's reports on the danger of certain foodstuffs, pies continue to be the favorite diet among the Class of 1911. It happened that some tacks got by mischance into "Hoffy's pies," which is a household word among the Gallaudet boys, and a general boycott followed. This time it's Blair's, of a more delicious and edible kind, guaranteed to cure indigestion. The other classes could not look on without making their mouths water, and soon after the bakery was swamped with orders for the "pies mother used to make."

Rev. Thomas B. Berry, of Buffalo, N. Y., was a visitor here on Friday morning. He gave a short address in the sign language after morning prayers.

On the approach of the football season, the Ducks are receiving lessons in agriculture, on Garlic Field. The city chaps are now farmers in embryo.

The Lit Society held a special meeting Friday afternoon, for the admission of new members.

The Gallaudet College Athletic Association held its semi-monthly meeting in the Lyceum, Saturday morning. The treasurer's report showed the Association to be held in good financial condition. As athletics form a part of the life of the average college student, the Association is certainly deserving of the support of every loyal Gallaudet student. In doing so, the students not only help themselves, but help the student body in general. The "grind," cooped up in his room, should rouse himself, and take part in athletics or giving the Association a boost.

The spirit of athletics among the Gallaudet boys was shown to advantage when it came to the registration of candidates for the foot-ball team of 1907. Thirty-two candidates responded to the call, which bespeaks a banner year for the Association, and athletics of the College in general. The election of officers for the first term took place. They are:

President, Fred Schoneman, '08; Vice-President, Harold Preston, '09; Secretary, Emory Vinson, '11; Treasurer, E. Talbert, '11; Football Manager, Dean E. Tomlinson, '08; Assistant Foot-ball Manager, R. L. Davis, '09; Base-ball Manager, O. W. Underhill, '08; Foot-ball Scorer, R. Elmer, '11; Yell Leader, M. Henry, '09; Auditor, T. S. Williams, '08; Choc. Agent, Leon P. Jones, '11.

In last week's column, many of the names of the Class of 1911, were inadvertently omitted. They are Emory E. Vinson, Adolph N. Struck, Edwin Nies, Misses Belle Van Ostrand, Goldie Newman, and Emma Pike.

Next Saturday Gallaudet meets Georgetown University at Georgetown Field in a foot-ball game. It

will be the first foot-ball match on the schedule for the year. It is likely that Gallaudet will give Georgetown a harder tussle than last year. The fact that Georgetown's best players are not to be in next Saturday's game has made Gallaudet rather optimistic in making a close game or snatching the laurels of victory.

Mr. John H. McFarlane, '07, if we mistake not, has secured a position in the School for the Deaf, at Lincoln, Nebraska.

In last week's issue an error was made in regard to the raising of the college standard in 1908. The time has been put off to 1909, in order to allow the many schools for the deaf sufficient time to conform to the new standard.

Miss Iona A. Tade, of the Class of 1907, we understand, has secured a position as teacher at the School for the Deaf at Oklahoma.

Chas. A. Malloch, '08, has been voted by the student body as official photographer.

The Gallaudet College Wrestling Club, which is under the management of T. S. Williams, '08, will reopen at the close of the foot-ball season. Most of the stars of the club are on our eleven, and it is likely that the new candidates will join also, swelling the ranks of Gallaudet's knights of the mat. Matches will be arranged with wrestling clubs in Baltimore and Washington, and Gallaudet bids fair to hold a place in that particular branch of sport.

S. C., '11.

From our East Wing Correspondent.

The opening days of the college year were marked by a deluge of rain which might have proved fatal to the spirits of homesick students, but for the enlivening entertainment given to the college girls on Saturday evening Sept. 21, by the young ladies of the Introductory Class. The thoughtful Freshmen kindly acted as masters of the ceremonies, and once again were the remarkable powers of the average "duck" clearly demonstrated.

The Reading Room Club was the first of the Co-Ed's societies to organize. The officers elected for the first term are as follows.

President.....Miss Johnson, '09
Treasurer.....Miss Fitzgerald, '09
Secretary.....Miss Britt, '08
Librarian.....Miss Pike, '11
Asst. Librarian.....Miss Sharp, '10

The O. W. L. S. held their first meeting Wednesday evening September 25th, and elected officers for the ensuing term.

President.....Miss Kilgore, '08
Vice President.....Miss Streby, '09
Secretary.....Miss Johnson, '10
Librarian.....Miss Britt, '08
Treasurer.....Miss Gillingham, '10
Librarian.....Miss Levick, '09
Librarian.....Miss Thiessen, '10

The young ladies of the Normal Class of 1908, are Miss Winifred Northrop, of Wayne, Nebraska, and Miss Margaret E. Compton, of Virginia. Miss Compton is fortunate, as she has a complete knowledge of the sign language, having enjoyed good opportunities before she came to Kendall Green. Miss Northrop is the sister of Miss Helen Northrop, '08.

Miss Thiessen, '10, passed her vacation at her home in the far-away State of Washington.

Miss Ellen Johnson, '09, had an enjoyable summer with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in West Falmouth, Mass. She returned to college with overflowing spirits and becoming evidence of having passed many happy hours beneath old Sol's rays while at the seashore.

Miss Anna Johnson, '10, was very late in returning to college, not arriving until the 25th inst.

Miss A. M. Teegarden, one of the '07 Normal students, arrived on the Green Sunday morning. Her visit was very brief, however, as she was on her way to Florida. She left Monday for "ye ancient city," as St. Augustine is frequently called, where she has accepted a position to teach in the school for the deaf, which is located in the old town.

Miss Thamasan, also one of the '07 Normals, will teach in the same school.

Last Saturday night the Normal students and members of the Introductory Class were initiated into the mysteries of the Crystal Club. Then followed a social half hour, in which the girls were treated to a pleasant surprise in the form of grapes and cake, kindly sent by Mrs. Bates, nee Miss MacDill, '96, one of the founders of the Jollity Club.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 18 and Locust Sts.
Rev. J. H. CLOUD, Minister, 2906 Virginia Avenue.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays a., fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

SYNAGOGUE SERVICE

Beth Israel Bikur Cholim.
72nd Street, corner of Lexington Avenue.

Every Friday, evening, at 8 o'clock.

MARCUS L. KENNER, Leader.

CHICAGO.

(The North Western News Bureau, S. H. Howard, 5335 Jefferson Avenue, Chicago, Ill.)

I am glad that Geo. C. Sawyer has made a few kind remarks in the JOURNAL about the late James I. Sansom. If his full obituary had been written for the JOURNAL, his old classmates and friends would have felt indignant and exclaimed: "Well, he is at rest." Mr. Sansom, not only suffered from his incurable disease, but also bore with much patience the perpetual family troubles which would have driven many to commit suicide.

When a divorce was decreed against him in Chicago some years ago, and when he was ordered by the Court to pay alimony, he made no protest, because he loved his young son, and sent remittances to Texas every month.

About eighteen months ago, Mr. Sansom obtained leave of absence, and went to Texas to be with his dear son. While there he was led to a local court through a clever trick, and made a decree whereby he must pay a larger alimony to his wife than ever before. Mr. Sansom signed the decree, in the only hope that his son would be better cared for than ever before, as he thought a great deal of him, even to the end.

To climax the worst, Mrs. Sansom came to Chicago last August, for the purpose of demanding the full alimony for which he had sometimes failed to settle, because of his repeated absence from the Post Office.

When Mr. Sansom received his last pay, he quietly handed it to his wife upon demand.

Mrs. Sansom accused him of shirking from his work, and insisting he should go to his office at once while he was in a very weak condition. She returned to her home in Texas. Of course, Mr. Sansom was left alone and most helpless. He staggered into the clubroom one day and remarked to Dr. Dougherty that he felt as though he was putting one foot into a grave and holding to the earth with the other.

Finally, the Post Office authorities, seeing that Mr. Sansom's health was most gone, kindly collected \$51 in a hat from his sympathetic fellow clerks, and Mr. Sansom at once went to his brother's at Pittsburg, and expired in peace on August 30th.

Mr. Wm. Allman, who has hired a prominent lawyer in Texas to sue Mrs. Sansom for an old debt, received a letter from him recently, stating that Mrs. Sansom had been married to a deaf-mute by the name of Rogan, in May, 1906.

Mr. Sansom did not believe the fact to be true.

Edward Rowse had the pleasure of meeting twenty-one students in Chicago, on their way to Gallaudet College.

John S. Fisher and wife returned home the other day, and reported a most glorious visit to his relatives in Pennsylvania and New York.

Mr. Oscar Thomas and Charles Day have decided to give up their old trades and become barbers.

Mrs. Clarence Hyman and her child returned home from Rockford, Ill., where they enjoyed visiting friends for three weeks.

Mrs. Chas. Boss, of Minnesota, nee Lizzie Hillard, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Angle, for a month.

Oscar Thomas has gone to North Dakota, to be the guest of his relatives for a couple of weeks.

Jerome C. Elwell, son of Mrs. Georgianna Elwell, is the proud owner of a motorbile, and is seen spinning along the streets around here, almost every day.

The Annual Reception and Dance of the Pas-a-Pas Club will be held at the Ellis Club House, 3516 Ellis Avenue, on Saturday evening, October 26th. Admission, 25 cents per person. A. I. Liebenstein is the chairman, and wishes to announce through the JOURNAL that he proposes to make the occasion to be the grandest event of the season. Come, and have a good time.

S. H. HOWARD.

Freeland, Pa.

Mr. Richard Seddon, of Plains, and Miss Rebecca Thorn, of Williamsport, will be married by Rev. Smeilau, of Williamsport, on the 2d of October. Following the ceremony a reception will be held at the home of a deaf-mute gentleman, August Heinz. They will reside at Plains, and their many friends extend congratulations.

Messrs. Davis, of Easton, and Hill, of Hazleton, paid a pleasant visit to Francis R. Mooney recently.

Robert Kishbough has returned to his home at Upper Lehigh, after spending a couple of weeks, with some of his deaf-mute classmates in Wilkes Barre.

Miss Constance Stevens, of Plains, visited the Oral school in Scranton last Monday.

Harry Kromars, of Gowen, was instantly killed by the Flyer recently, while walking on the railroad track.

F. P. M.

ANECDOTAL.

John Philp Sousa tells an amusing story of a German trombone player whom the composer-conductor knew in the early days when he was leading the United States Marine Band in Washington and had not yet become one of the world's most melodious citizens.

The old trombone player was named Backenblasser—a fact he could not help—and on one occasion Sousa saw him standing outside of the theatre where he had been playing for several weeks. Backenblasser was swearing very unmusically for a man who had absolute pitch, and he shook his fist at the theatre and even administered one or two kicks to the unresisting brick wall.

"What's the trouble, Backenblasser?" asked Sousa, stopping in surprise.

"I will nefer blay in dere again!" shouted the German.

"Why not?"

"Nefer, I tell you—nefer!"

"But why not?" persisted Sousa.

"Because I haf been dischargt."

A certain well-known clubman is a man of such conversation that he is rarely known to answer a plain "yes" or "no" to the most trivial question.

On one occasion two women of his acquaintance were discussing this peculiarity of the clubman, when one of them announced that she was willing to wager that she could make the conservative individual say "no" flatly. The wager being accepted, she addressed the clubman thus:

"Let me see, Mr. Robinson, you are a widower, are you not?"

"As much a widower, madam," he answered, with a polite bow,

"as it is possible for a man to be who was never married."

A certain woman who always buy her flour by the barrel, not being satisfied with the quality after using about half, requested that it be returned to the store, and exchanged, naming another brand made by the same mill. The grocer, thinking to play a joke, and reasoning that it really was all imagination, asked the miller to refill the same barrel and put on the new label. This was done and the flour was delivered.

The new barrel proved entirely satisfactory until about the same amount had been used as before, when the lady called at the store, highly indignant, calling the grocer a scoundrel and an impostor, and demanding the return of the flour.

The reason leaked out later. When the barrel was sent back, she had left in it a blue saucer used in dipping up the flour. On her discovering it again the game was up. The grocer lost a customer, but had had his joke, proved his point, and was satisfied.

Channing Pollock, who wrote "The Little Gray Lady," tells a yarn in connection with the first production of that play which, if it does not adorn a tale, certainly points a moral. This is the way Life tells the story:

The day before the piece went on at the Garrick Theatre, Maurice Campbell, the manager, came to him with a request to embellish the program with some poetical quotations.

"But I can't think of any at the moment," Mr. Pollock said, "which would be at all appropriate, and the time is too short for me to look them up."

"Oh, made up a few, then," retorted Mr. Campbell, who, like most theatrical managers, considers nothing in this world very difficult after several years' experience in managing stars.

Mr. Pollock, only too willing to please, sat down and wrote this couplet, which seemed particularly apropos of the play:

A man made weak by loving,
Then strong by being loved.

He could think, he says, of no author, living or dead, who is so little read as Arthur Symonds, and he gayly attributed the lines to that distinguished gentleman.

The following morning Mr. John Corbin, one of New York's well-known critics, in reviewing the play in the usual way, wrote in part, somewhat in this wise:

The program, however, was marred by several quotations which had no bearing whatever on the play. It was particularly distressing to see those beautiful and well-known lines of Arthur Symonds given such prominence.

During his recent entertainment by royalty Mark Twain assured King Edward VII. that he approved Windsor Castle with its grounds and would like to buy it. "The king entered into the spirit of the occasion," says the press report. Thus did Mark Twain again follow in the footsteps of Artemus Ward.

When Artemus was in London writing articles for Punch, he visited the British Museum, and he punched the walls with his umbrella to see if the masonry was all right.

To use his own words: "A man with a gold band on his hat said, in a harsh voice, that I must stop pokin' the walls. I told him I would do so by all means."

"You see, I said, taking hold of

the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawing him closer to me in a confidential way, 'you see, I'm looking around this museum and if I like it I shall buy it.'"

Sir Henry Irving, who was born plain John Henry Brodribb, has always shown a desire to keep in the background. On the playbills he appears as simply "Henry Irving" in the same type as is used for the name of the humblest member of the cast. But some years ago he was acting in the provinces and those responsible for the bills issued posters on which he was mentioned as "the famous Mr. Henry Irving."

Irving at once sent for the head printer.

"Look here!" he said. "You are not to print another bill with all those flourishes before my name. You are to see that in future my name reads as simple Henry Irving and in quite small type."

The printer retired. Next day Irving was horrified to find the town flooded with posters which announced that "Simple Henry Irving" would that night fill a certain role at the theatre.

Joseph Fields, the eleven-year-old son of Lew Fields, the comedian, attends a private school where the pupils are being taught bits of French history. Napoleon was the chief topic of discussion the other day, and the teacher was leading up to the emperor's life with Josephine and their subsequent divorce.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "who can tell me what mean, contemptible thing Napoleon did to Josephine?"

"I can!" shouted young Fields eagerly.

"Well, what was the mean thing he did, my boy?"

"He married her!" proudly responded Fields.

Frank Daniels is fond of telling jokes even when the laugh is on himself. He relates that last season a friend showed him how his signature on a check could be easily forged. It was suggested that if Daniels put a private mark on his checks in addition to his signature his bank account would be safer.

Daniels adopted the suggestion, decided on the secret mark and place and notified his bankers. He ended his season a month or so later, and on reaching home found a bundle of bills due to the number of over 100. He devoted the next morning to sending checks for them. Two days later he received word from one of the men to whom he had sent a check that the check had been refused and that there were \$2.50 protest fees. Before he could get over his astonishment another mail brought two similar letters, each with a \$2.50 protest fee notice.

With visions of having in some way been despoiled of his bank account Daniels made a dash for the train, missed it, and then, being unable to reach the bank in time, was compelled to wait till the next day. That afternoon's mail brought fourteen more checks, every one having attached to it a protest fee notification. His bank never seemed so far away before. But he reached it at last.

"What," he pantingly asked the teller—"what is my balance?"

"Twenty three thousand dollars," said the clerk. Then Daniels, with a look of injured dignity, said:

"Why, then, have my checks been refused payment?"

"Because they didn't have the secret mark you notified us of."

"Holy smoke!" the comedian exclaimed. "I forget it! Great jumping Jehoshaphat! And I have sent over 100 checks!"

Fifty-one checks went to protest, and the fees amounted to \$127.50.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mr. E. Souweine was called to court last week, as an expert witness in a suit involving a question of charges for wood-engraving, and acquitted himself so well that the presiding judge commended him. Mr. Souweine has been an engraver for considerably more than a quarter of a century, and during the past eighteen years has conducted a business of his own, employing constantly several hearing engravers. His business has been twice destroyed by fire, and he has also had the unique but not pleasant experience of being run over by a fire wagon. Nothing deterred, in each case he started business anew, and after the doctor had patched him up in the run-over accident, he pluckily limped back to business again. He is now as sound as ever—physically as well as financially—and lives in a new house, which he recently purchased at Grantwood, N. J.

Commencing on Friday evening, October 4th, 1907, the regular Friday evening services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, which have heretofore been held at the Y. M. H. A., will henceforth be conducted at the "Temple Beth Israel Bikur Cholim," East Seventy-second Street, corner of Lexington Avenue. On account of its central location and the many conveniences this commodious temple offers, a large attendance is assured. If you, who read this, are a Hebrew, I ask you in all seriousness, as a friend and brother—what right have you to stay away?—what excuse, if any, can you give for discrediting the religion of your father and mother?

The Executive Committee of the Guild of Silent Workers, at the regular meeting held a fortnight ago, submitted for consideration a program for the ensuing year. It was unanimously approved, and the Committee desires to announce to the public and the many friends of the Guild that they have selected the following dates, all of which are on a Saturday:—

December 28.—Christmas Festival.
February 8.—Lecture, W. G. Jones.
April 25.—Special.
June 6.—Strawberry Festival.
June 27.—Annual Outing.

Eli Ellis, Jr., the deaf-mute baseball player, who has made a fine record with the up-state league for several years, was in town with his brother, Arthur Ellis, who is secretary, and Charles Dawson, the manager of the club with which he is connected. They are all from Walden, N. Y., and came here to attend a meeting of the Inter-City League. Incidentally they visited Eli's *Alma Mater*, Fanwood, on Monday afternoon.

The many friends of the former Miss Margaret Finn, of Orange, and Mr. Frank Hayden, of Brooklyn, will be surprised to know that they successfully kept secret their marriage, which occurred on November 19th, 1905, at St. John's Church, Orange, by Father Mc Donald. The bride's attendant was her niece, Miss Elizabeth Drabell, and the best man was Mr. James Finn. The happy couple are now keeping house on Linden Street, Brooklyn.

Returning from their summer vacation, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Rose were both grieved and surprised at the state in which they found their apartments. Every thing was turned topsy turvey, and thieves had carried away most of their valuable household goods.

Henry Kohlman, his father and his sister, Miss Addie Kohlman, are now living permanently at the Hotel Majestic, at 72d Street and Central Park West, having disposed of their Madison Avenue house in which the family lived for many years.

Mrs. William Lippens was given a royal welcome on her arrival in Paris, by her deaf-mute friends. She visited the Colonial Exposition and found one of the exhibitors to be a deaf-mute. Her next stop will be in Belgium.

Miss Schiff and Mr. Seymour Gomprecht had quite a stream of callers on Sunday last, all of whom came to wish them joy on their formal betrothal. The wedding will occur in November.

The woman's Parish Aid Society will hold its first fall meeting, in St. Ann's Guild Room on Thursday evening October 10th. All members are earnestly requested to be present.

Mrs. Dougherty (*nee* Shea), of Hartford, Ct., was in this city on Saturday to see her father, who is dying in one of the city hospitals.

Mrs. Charles Smith (*nee* Annie Gould), of Troy, N. Y., was in New York last week. She was accompanied by her son, a fine manly boy of fifteen summers.

Miss Cecilia Lynch, of New Brunswick, N. J., has returned to her home after a pleasant week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, of Brooklyn.

OHIO.

News Notes from Cincinnati.

WHAT THE SOCIETIES ARE DOING.

And Other News Concerning the Deaf.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of M. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

CINCINNATI.

Raymond Bingham was up at Connersville, Ind., two Sundays ago, where he was the guest of his schoolmate and friend, Leon Jones. The latter resumed his studies at Gallaudet College last week.

The Reunion, held at the Institution in Columbus, proved to be one of the best we ever had. The trip to the Home was a most enjoyable one, and all were surprised to notice how much it has been improved since the last reunion (three years ago). There were about forty-two deaf-mutes of Cincinnati at the reunion, and all reported having had a most enjoyable time.

The members of the St. Xavier Deaf Club held their annual picnic at Cedar Point, about twelve miles from this city, on the 15th inst. The traction car left the interurban station at nine o'clock in the morning, arriving at Cedar Point about one hour later. The morning was spent in visiting the different places of interest, and after luncheon was served at 12.30 o'clock, games—as base ball, bowling, lawn tennis and throwing the ball—were indulged in. All returned before dark, having had an enjoyable time.

A surprise birthday party was tendered by Mr. Charles Fry last Saturday evening, the 14th inst. Games were indulged in, and prizes awarded to the lucky winners. Refreshment was served at eleven o'clock, and then the party broke up, wishing Charley many more happy returns of the day. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. B. Key, Misses May and Katie Gosling, Hannah Ranz, Heneritta Seinensohn, Carrie Telscher, Messrs. Fred O'Brien, John J. Wagner, Harry O'Donnell, Raymond Bingham, Louis Bacheberle and George Tobin.

After the close of the Reunion at Columbus, the 2d inst., Harry O'Donnell accompanied Dr. Patterson, of Columbus, to Danville, Ky., to attend the Reunion. Harry reports having had a splendid time there, it being his first visit to the place. The Ohioans received a hearty welcome at Danville. Those there were Dr. Patterson, Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Mann, Rev. and Mrs. Geo. Flick, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fisher, Mrs. Dundon, Messrs. Alfred Wood, L. Bacheberle, H. Blacksheleger, J. Bov, and Miss Pinney, of Hamilton, and Miss Berger, of Dayton.

A company of young men and ladies gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Sporing, at Newport, Ky., last Saturday evening, the 21st inst., and had a pleasant social gathering.

Harry Dix, who has been pitching for the Munroe (La) Gulf Coast League in the South, stopped over here in a few days, on his way to St. Mary's Ohio. While here he received a hearty welcome by a number of young men and ladies at the library of St. Xavier Deaf Club. He was in fine shape and had many good stories to tell about his luck on the diamond. He said that his team had been very successful in winning games this season. He left for St. Mary's, Friday, the 20th inst., having had a fine time with his many friends here.

Arthur Hinch called on his friend, Luther Taylor, of the New Nationals, at the Burnet Hotel last Sunday noon. While the club was in town, Arthur witnessed the Cincinnati—N. Y. ball game at league park on that afternoon.

The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society held a meeting, Thursday evening. Only one or two members were absent. Miss Ethel, and Mrs. Bessie McFadden Cook were added to the membership.

The proposed entertainment—a tour around the world—was given up, and in its stead a masquerade social will be given shortly after Thanksgiving Day.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Nathan R. McGrew, of Gilman, Iowa, for the gift to the Society of five dollars.

A number of purchases were ordered for the use of the Home. For visitors at this meeting, the Society had Miss Louisa K. Thompson, of Akron, Mrs. Ezra Holden, of Milwaukee, and Miss Mary C. Bierce, of Circleville.

The Columbus Advance Society held its regular meeting, Tuesday evening, with only two absentees. The applications of Wm. Wingate, and John P. Freyfogel for member-

ship were received, and will be acted upon at next meeting.

Several needed articles for the cottage were ordered purchased.

Mr. A. H. Schory, who did the photographing of the picnic last May 30th, turned over to the Society the sum of twenty-eight dollars from the sale of pictures, which added to that received from other sources on the occasion, swells the net receipts to ninety-six dollars and a few cents.

A suggestion brought up by Mr. Pratt, aiding the younger Advance Societies, and for a more united action among them was discussed, and then deferred till next reunion. It was also agreed to pay the car tickets for two persons going up to the Home, on Sundays, to hold services.

Miss Althertha Hannaford, of Toledo, and Miss Effie Laing, of Bedford, Ohio, who have visiting with friends in the city since the reunion, returned to their homes this week.

Mr. Harrison Grigsby, and his sister, Mrs. Gustavus Geyer, returned Monday from a visit to Canton, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Monnin, and Mr. Alfalter. They visited the McKinley Monument, dedicated Monday, and pronounced it a very fine one. Mrs. Geyer returned to her home in Galesburg, Ills., Thursday.

Mr. Fred Schwartz was the victim of a birthday surprise party, Tuesday evening, at his home on Monro Street. He was presented with a fine rocking chair as a remembrance of the occasion. A pleasant evening was spent by all who were there.

Miss Henrietta Gould was up in Mansfield for a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Fulwider, and returned, Monday, to resume her work in the bindery.

Miss Louisa K. Thompson, a former teacher here, has been the guest of Miss Ella Zell, at Grand View, since Thursday of last week, with her sister. With Mrs. Zell, they visited the Institution, Thursday this week, and Miss Thompson's former co-laborers here were all glad to see her again. Time has dealt gently with her for she has changed very little in appearance.

Wm. Wingate, a last June's graduate, has been appointed to a position in the kitchen force, while Miss Susan Boettner, who also graduated from the school last June, has been appointed to take charge of the boys' mending in the tailor shop.

Mr. Fred Plant, of Kinsman, has been in the city since Sunday, visiting her brother, who is a conductor for the Columbus Railway and Light Company. She brought her little boy to school.

Mr. P. P. Pratt, accompanied by Mrs. Pratt, conducted the services at the Home last Sunday. They found all well. Superintendent Ryers has been busy all week hauling two carloads of coal, about eighty tons, from Westerville, for winter use. Mrs. Byers, the matron, has not been idle, neither, for she has put up recently, four hundred cans of tomatoes, to say nothing of the other good things that will tickle the palate of the inmates during winter. There is a good supply of sweet corn now on hand, also lima beans. The potato crop was a failure, owing to the wet season, and hence the winter's supply will have to be purchased. This morning nine of the pupils, in charge of Mr. P. P. Pratt, went up to gather the heavy bean crop. This work they do gratuitously, considering the trip up and back and working in the open air ample remuneration.

George Kihm leads in individual fielding averages of the first basemen in the American Association. His score is .990. He put out 1733 men, gave 75 assists, and has only 18 errors marked against him. The institution is now educating two deaf colored blind pupils; a girl, Lena Culpher, seven years old, was enrolled this week.

A. B. G.

MARRIED.

At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Margaret A. Fitch, at Canton, Pa., on Thursday evening, August 29th, by Rev. Harry B. Reddick pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, George R. Crandle and Miss Bessie M. Fitch, of Canton. The rooms were prettily decorated, and a sumptuous feast followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Crandle left Canton for Elmira and Watkins, N. Y., on the evening train, for the wedding trip.

The Rev. Austin W. Mann expects to be in Richmond during the sessions of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church; and will be very glad to meet the Rev. Messrs. Flick and Whildin, and the Richmond deaf. He expects to stop at one of the hotels. If he has the time, he will visit Norfolk also. It will be Mr. Mann's first visit to the part of Old Virginia settled by his paternal and maternal ancestors two hundred years ago.

Mrs. Peter Kinney and her daughter, Celia, were recent guests of the Misses Margaret and Cecilia Lynch.

NEW ENGLAND.

[Any New England News or business for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL may be sent to Geo. C. Sawyer, 98 W. Seldon St., Mattapan, Mass.]

The annual business meeting of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, which took place in one of the vestry rooms of Pilgrim Cong. Church on Columbia Road, last Tuesday, had unusually large attendance.

Rev. L. B. Thomas, of Providence, R. I., Chairman of Board of Trustees of the Society, presided, and Mr. Fred, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wood, interpreted.

Before the opening of the meeting, Mr. H. C. White obtained consent of Rev. Mr. Thomas, and made an appeal in behalf of Mrs. Jennie Hall, *nee* Miss Crimmings, a widow having four little children, and in need of a financial aid. The appeal was liberally responded to after the meeting.

Mr. F. W. Bigelow, Chairman of the Committee, whose duties are to make arrangements for Sunday services, carry out programmes, and report the work of such to the Trustees, opened the meeting with a brief review of the work during the past year, Prof. Abel S. Clark, of Hartford, being credited for having the largest attendance at a Sunday service.

Mr. Fred W. Wood, treasurer of the Committee, reported as follows:

RECEIPTS.	
From Treasurer Woodbury of the Board of Trustees.....	231 00
Sunday collections.....	44 05
Envelope system.....	22 80
Last year's balance.....	16 98
	\$315 45
EXPENDITURES.	
For preachers' Services.....	286 00
Miscellaneous expenses for Mission.....	25 83
Balance on Hand.....	3 62
	\$315 45

Trustee Woodbury reported a balance of about \$847 in his hands now, a decrease of about fifty dollars in comparing with last year's report.

Mr. Wood's report indicated that the expenses have been increased, and while the Sunday collection has been substantially increased, the envelope system of collection has made a correspondingly decrease, nevertheless, on the whole, the society is prosperous with brighter prospects for the future.

Rev. Mr. Thomas suggested that the pay of a preacher be raised to seven dollars for his services at each Sunday meeting. After a little discussion it was finally left to the Trustees to decide according to the financial ability of the Society.

The rest of the evening was spent in discussing on various matters, among which one was a desire in a change of the pastorate expressed by a good many members. Nearly every member did not deny the ability of the present pastor to fill the place, but believed that a change will not only benefit the Society, but will draw more deaf people and keep large attendances regularly.

The more conservative members were inclined to keep the present pastor until a better one is secured.

The stories given by Mr. H. C. White and Rev. Mr. Thomas seemed to have quieted the excited members on the question relative to the change of pastorate, which was finally left to the trustees to solve. Mr. White quoted Abe Lincoln's story about swapping horses, and Rev. Mr. Thomas related about a dead dog which was passed by persons on a street, as a nuisance, but finally the last person who passed the dog found what was left of the remains, some gold in one of the teeth.

The matter on lectures and socials was taken up for discussion, but nothing was acted upon, save that of the suggestion made made by Mr. Sawyer, which will be considered by the trustees later. It referred to the fund created by a legacy left to the Society by the late Mr. Center, of Roxbury. His will was made in 1887, when the Boston Deaf-Mute Society had its regular Sunday services and weekly lectures, and Mr. Sawyer made a point that so long as the will was made at that time when the Society had its lectures, the legacy should be used for both religious and lecture purposes. Mr. Sawyer did not mean for the principal of the legacy to be divided for such purposes, but the income therefrom be divided accordingly, and only instructive lectures should be given. The meeting was ended with a vote of thanks to the Trustees for their efforts in keeping the Boston Society in a healthy and prosperous condition.

Mrs. Kate Miller Chase, of Winsted, Ct., has been visiting friends in Worcester and South Weymouth the past few weeks. She intends to linger on visiting in and around the Hub.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Acheson early in the morning of September 24th, and left a bouncing boy, weighing eleven pounds. This is the Acheson's first son. They already have two bright little girls who are delighted with the little brother.

At the Boston Society meeting, Mr. Acheson wore a broad smile, and was warmly congratulated on all sides.

The stork did not forget another deserving couple, for soon after he stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Carl Underwood, and left a fine little fellow. This is their first child, and their numerous friends will heartily congratulate the couple. Mr. Underwood's friends do not meet him as of old, since the new arrival. He is probably busy minding the baby.

Mrs. George Cutter, of Worcester, has been the guest of Mrs. Ira Derby, of South Weymouth, for two weeks.

Ethel, the winsome daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry, of Dorchester, fell from a fence and broke her collarbone. She was attended by a doctor, and at present is able to be about mothering her dolls.

Miss Alice C. Jennings leads the bible class at the Boston Society each Sunday. With such a teacher the class will surely find the lesson clearly defined, and in other ways she will prove a great help to the committee, who seem to have had difficulty in securing a good teacher.

Mr. Harry Jordan, who by the death of his twin brother a week or so ago, now feels himself all alone in the world, as it was his last relative, has the sympathy of a host of friends. He is to stay at the home of his old friend, Mr. Lawrence Clark, who no doubt will do all he can to console him.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Monday, September 16th, marked the reopening of the twenty ninth school year of the Rochester Institution. A good attendance was present. The staff of teachers remains the same with the exception of a new one, who has taken the place of Miss Christian, resigned. Mrs. John Francis has been appointed sewing teacher at the Institution.

Mrs. W. Gibbs and Miss Lauer spent Sunday, September 15th, at Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis spent "Old Home Week" at Buffalo, N. Y., and report having had a very enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis were recently surprised by a visit from their brother and wife and a couple of friends, who had come to Rochester from Buffalo in their touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. George Connor, of Syracuse, spent a few days recently in Rochester, visiting relatives and friends.

A party of deaf-mutes spent Sunday, September 1st, at Sodus Point, also took a trip across the Bay to Dr. Westervelt's summer home. There they were cordially greeted by the Dr. and his wife, and their guests, Dr. Fay and Miss Fay, of the Hartford school.

Word comes from Brooklyn of the arrival of a girl baby at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore on the 21st of September. Mrs. Moore will be remembered as Miss Daisy McChesney, a bright young lady, formerly of this city.

A son was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Critchley. Mrs. Critchley was formerly Miss Lulu Wackerman.

A short time ago Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs visited Mr. and Mrs. Conner, at Geneva, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hill have sent out cards announcing the marriage of their daughter Florence, to Mr. Charles Henry Mortimer, on September 18th, 1907. Both are former pupils of the Belleville School. They will reside at Hamilton, Ont.

Mrs. J. C. Lung stopped at Williamsport, Pa., to visit Rev. and Mrs. Smielau, on her way home from a visit to relatives in Towanda, Pa.

ORIOLE.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 8:10 P.M.
October 6th, Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.
October 27th, Holy Communion.

OCTOBER 6TH.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

OCTOBER 13TH.

St. Paul's Church, Newburgh, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
Gallaudet Home, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

OCTOBER 20TH.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

OCTOBER 27TH

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M., Holy Communion.
St. Paul's Church, Newburgh, 10:30 A.M.
Gallaudet Home, 3 P.M.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Gallaudet Club Well Entertained.

CHURCH WORKERS

A Social Gathering

[News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

September 30, 1907.—Adieu! glorious month of September. Welcome! October.

The Gallaudet Club held its Fall meeting at the residence of Secretary Ziegler in Mt. Airy, Saturday evening, 28th of September. From noon of that day until after midnight a steady, drizzling rain fell over the city, making walking around anything but pleasant; but a very few of the members of the Club gave up the trip to Mt. Airy, and none, we believe, did so on account of the weather. At the Ziegler home the members attending found a pleasant contrast to the condition outside, so that all were well repaid for the trouble of the trip. The arrangements for the meeting and entertainment of the members and their wives were of an unusual sort, and consequently a pleasing surprise to all. The room in which the meeting was held was profusely decorated with flags on all four walls, and portraits of Gallaudet were prominently displayed. The indefatigable host even went to the trouble of erecting a small platform with a speaker's desk, all covered with cloth, and providing it with a large easy chair, so that the room had every semblance of a club-room. The parlor was divested of all its fine furnishings, and transformed into a dining room for the use of the Club that evening. Cigars of excellent quality were generously provided by the host, also an appetizing luncheon, consisting of the following:—Raw Oysters, Deviled Crab, Egg Salad, Sliced Tongue, Olives, Cheese, Crackers, Sandwiches, and Wine. It was a treat which was very much enjoyed and for which the host and hostess deserve sincere thanks. During the luncheon time, some impromptu toasts were called and responded to, which afforded considerable humor, and helped to make the occasion more memorable. Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler were ably assisted by two sisters, Mrs. Freeland and Miss Laura Ziegler.

The business meeting of the Club was presided over by President Stevens. We are not at liberty to divulge the business transacted, except to say that an attempt to increase the active membership limit from twenty to twenty five was defeated.

Among the visitors to All Souls' Church last Sunday were Mrs. Plafott Zane, of Wheeling, West Virginia, and the Rev. G. H. Hefflon, of the Divinity School. Mrs. Zane is looked upon as a neighbor and friend, and so we were glad to see her again. During the session of the Bible Class she made a nice little address, telling of the new little church for the deaf which is now in course of erection in her home city—St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf. The people of All Souls' are interested and will endeavor to send a gift of some kind of furniture for the church.

Rev. Mr. Hefflon came here from Connecticut, where he had a Congregational Church for some time. Increasing deafness forced him to give up his church. Afterwards he decided to embrace the Episcopal faith, and, having become almost totally deaf, he has turned to the sign-language to see what benefit may come from it. He was recently ordained to the Diaconate and is now preparing for advancement to the Priesthood. He appears to be making good progress with the language of signs, and is expected to be a frequent visitor to All Souls' while in the city. Rev. Mr. Dintzer and others are giving him all the assistance possible.

On Saturday evening, (the 21st inst.,) the Merry-makers' Club met for the first time since last June at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Madenspacher, parents of Mr. James L. Weeney, in Darby, Pa.

After some business of importance was transacted, a successful social followed, some mirth-giving games being indulged in. Mrs. Joseph S. Rodgers and Mr. Walter Jacobs were the winners of the first and second prizes respectively. An elaborate collation was partaken of by the members prior to their departure for home.

At the next meeting will be held the annual election of officers for the ensuing year. Three candidates for each office have already been nominated.

Roy D. Keeney and John A. Roach went to Baltimore, Md., on an excursion last Sunday, the 22d inst., and they reported a most enjoyable time of sightseeing in the Monumental City, notwithstanding a downpour. They were met by their old schoolmate, Charles H. Payton, of Cumberland, Md., who

was also among the excursionists to Baltimore.

Washington Houston left for New York last Friday to visit his brother, Dr. Eugene V. Houston, and his numerous deaf friends of the "hoss" car town.

Mrs. Henry L. Silnutzer and baby and her sister, Dora, return to Philadelphia from Albany, N. Y., last Sunday morning. Miss Dora may remain here a week.

Miss Gertrude Parker has returned to the city from her Delaware home.

A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jennie Bryan (*nee* Stewart) on September 24th.

The Clero Literary Association held a social last Thursday evening.

FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

A local theatre recently featured in its bill of moving pictures, a very realistic scene of a deaf-mute masquerade. The whole roll of films was ludicrous in the extreme. One smart youth represented a grizzly bear, and was a most exact reproduction, so much so as to seem the real thing. A number of the deaf witnessed the show at different times.

These are rarely beautiful autumn days for a mountain trip, and a view of the surrounding country from the summit of Mt. Tom. On the clear, cold mornings, the mountains seem so near, almost at the next block instead of four miles away.

Miss Mary A. McKay, of Northampton, had a charming visit with relatives on Rhode Island so, the latter part of August. One Sunday she went over to Providence, and had an opportunity of meeting old, and making new friends at Mr. Lester's home.

The N. E. G. A. will hold its next meeting in Providence in the summer of 1908. The local deaf there are making great plans to further the success of the affair. It is years since the convention held a session in this, the smallest State of the union. The outlook is good for a successful gathering.

Mr. Edward Guyott has been having a two weeks' vacation. A part of it was spent with his brother in Hartford.

Harry Almond has packed up his chattels, and is now domiciled in an aristocratic rooming house on Appleton Street, just above High.

Labor Day was a great disappointment to the local deaf. It rained. Began early in the morning, and scarcely ever let up until the following Friday. Nevertheless, the Springfield. Holyoke ballgame was played at Holyoke in the morning, and at Springfield in the afternoon. These two rivals always played even when it poured in torrents. Holyoke won the Pennant of the Connecticut Valley League for the season.

Mr. Amaclet Mercier reported a most pleasant visit in Meriden over Labor Day. The rain dampened his pleasure, as well as the atmosphere, somewhat, but he enjoyed meeting his deaf-mute friends.

Since the cooler days have set in, a noticeable falling off in trade has been felt by Grocer Colby. The ice-cream season was a money maker for the Oakdale cash grocer.

Miss Katie A. Butler, of Pantucket, R. I., and Mr. Frederick Green, of Taunton, Mass., were married on September 7th. They spent a week of their honeymoon with Mr. and Mrs. Duseau on their farm beyond Williamsburg.

Mr. John Kiely, of Haydensville, was forced to forego the pleasure of a visit to Newburyport, Mass., at the present time. It is not given up, only postponed until such time as the business rush slackens up for him.

Frank Harris, of Northampton, is employed at the American Pad and Paper Company's plant in Holyoke. He makes daily trips to and from Northampton.

Philip Beausoliel, of Chicopee Falls, went to his old home, in Belovs Falls, Vt., for a few days, not long ago.

A party of five deaf persons called at the Morin flat a week ago yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Morin had gone to Northampton, and the callers did not leave their names. A neighbor who saw them informed Mrs. Morin the next day.

Mr. Robert K. Waters, of Hartford, and Miss Lena Burke, of New Haven, Ct., are to be married on October 23d. They will live in Hartford.

VIOLET.

HOLYOKE, MASS., Sept. 30.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.
REV. C. O. DANTEER, Pastor, 8335 N. Nineteen Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Clero Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

FANWOOD.

New Officers of the Cadet Battalion.

OUTDOOR ATHLETICS.

Personal Notes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Last Thursday morning, September 26th, the battalion and field music were assembled in the boys' yard, for the selection of officers by Principal Currier for the new term. When the Principal appeared the battalion stood at attention, as none in the ranks could tell if their name was to be called or not. The following fortunate officers were selected:

Captains: Frank T. Lux, Company A, Frank Nimmo, Company B, Max Weisberg, Company C. Adjutant: George K. S. Gompers. First Sergeants: Alfred Schoenewaldt, William Anfort, and Harry Blechner.

Second Sergeants: Joseph Hynes, Henry Brauer, and Isadore Lovitch. Third Sergeants: Abraham Chaimowitz, Albert Dirkes and W. Lux. Corporals: W. C. Wren, E. Dennis, W. Staak, W. Bergman, J. Koepfer, M. Eisen, H. Lieberz, J. Quinn, W. Burke, H. Goldberg, and J. Schütz.

Field Music Sergeant, Carl Lautenberger. Field Music Corporal, Fred G. Faucher.

Color Sergeants: John Agresto and Solomon Zimmerman.

The new officers were quickly broken into their duties and soon everything went like clockwork.

Everybody and everything has settled down to the usual routine of school life at Fanwood. Tasks are taken up with the determination to do them, and we hope this will continue throughout the school year.

During recreation hours the past few days, baseball has taken the lead in outdoor sports. Teams were picked from among the pupils who cared to play, and games of three or four innings were played. This is done to give the Regulars, or rather the remnant of the team, a chance to practice, and also to let the other pupils to join the team, depend upon their ability to play well.

We hope, by the time the uniforms are ready to be used next Spring, that we will be able to fill the vacancies made by the graduation of the players, and make the team just as strong as it was last year, if not stronger. Captain Lux has hopes that the team may be able to make things hum when the Regulars cross bats with other teams.

The weather is too warm for football here; besides, the pupils have not loosened their grip upon baseball yet. But there is a pigskin or two among the pupils, who use them when they find no interest in baseball. When colder weather comes, doubtless, the boys will "chip in" and get a pigskin to do all sorts of stunts in mid-air, prompted by the sturdy legs of big and little.

The girls have their football out, at the present writing, and find no end of pleasure with it, in spite of an occasional tumble or two.

Last Saturday afternoon, some of our motor cranks held themselves to the old Morris Park, where the twenty-four-hour race was being held. On reaching the park they saw an overturned Lozier racing car, which crashed through the fence, killing its driver, Smelzer, and fatally injuring two persons. Our boys remained watching the races go whirling around at top-notch speed. At four o'clock, a dampening drizzle came down, and an hour later they left the park only to be drenched as they scurried to the cars.

The motor boat races were held on the Hudson River, and as the school overlooks it, the motor fiends of Fanwood were delighted when they saw the boats go skimming across the water at the rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. The noise of the motors, as they sent the boats at the terrific pace they went, was very loud, and the vibrations could be plainly felt. There were a few who were interested in the slow-moving cabin cruisers and launchers, as these are built more for comfort than for speed.

Mr. Harry Cooke, our instructor in painting, spent the past two weeks in Boston on his vacation. He says he enjoyed himself very much, and were we to judge from his happy countenance, he is correct.

Miss Le Prince, of the Art Department, arrived here last week from Panama, looking very much benefited by her trip there.

Prof. Wm. G. Jones gave a fine reading before the pupils last Sunday evening in the chapel.

The battalion gave its first Sunday drill, last Sunday afternoon, after chapel services, and did very well, considering that nearly all the officers held new positions. This is good proof of the careful instruction that has been given along military lines.

COLORADO NOTES.

The State Institution for the Deaf and Blind opened its doors on the morning of September 4th, for another school year, that bids fair to be as successful as preceding terms. Upward of thirty new pupils were enrolled, which is highly encouraging. Some new faces were visible among the corps of instructors, two of whom were former Normal Fellows at Gallaudet. The school work is well under way by this time; the various clubs among the pupils have organized and started their literary programs, and the Athletic Club is full of life and bustle. Football is the rage, and a creditable eleven represents the school.

On Monday morning, September 16th, at 8.30 o'clock, the pupils of the Institution and teachers, led by Supt. Argo, paid their respects to the wonderful ruins of the Cliff Dwellers, upon kind invitation of the management. Lunch was taken and the whole day spent about the ruins. It was one of those 320 cloudless Colorado days, as cool as cucumber, and everybody was happy basking in the clear sunshine. What interested the pupils most was the cluster of Pueblo Indians from Santa Clara tribe.

They danced and sung to the music they got out of their "Keys" and sleigh bells and it was interesting indeed, their Snake, Golden and Fire dances. The blind pupils, derived genuine enjoyment from the dances, holding on to the Indians and feeling their body movements as the grease-tinted brown warriors danced hither and thither.

The older pupils derived satisfaction from studying the ruins left by the most ancient people on earth, whose remains have been found buried under glacial and volcanic deposits.

In one of the buildings were shown over one thousand pieces of pottery and articles used by the Cliff Dwellers. There were pitchers, mugs, bowls, water jars, cooking vessels, etc., used in daily life, sandals woven from the yucca plant finely woven fabrics of cotton cloth, cotton, corn and squash seeds very carefully preserved, knives, awls, bones, stone axes, spear points, war clubs, etc., etc.

The management of the Canon and Indians were the guests of Supt. Argo at lunch, which was palatable and plentiful. Mr. Humphreys, one of the Trustees, arrived at this period and made everybody happy by his presence. After lunch the ascent of Mount Minerva was made by the hardy and strong, from which point a wonderful view of the surrounding country was had. At three o'clock a pilgrimage to the Manitou soda springs was made by all, where tired spirits were regaled with the cooling beverage from the natural mineral springs, and soon after four all were bound home on special electric cars. The day was one of pleasant anticipations, and expectations were realized to the minutest detail.

The latter part of August, Mr. Charles Gillett, Supt. of the Illinois Institution and son of the late Philip Gillett, was a visitor in Colorado Springs, stopping at the Antlers Hotel. While here he visited the State School, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Campbell, and the Printer's Home.

Mr. Augustus Hesley, of the Printing Department of the Salem, Ore., Institution, was at the Springs for two days recently, and while there paid his respects to Mr. R. E. Maynard. He is coming to Colorado Springs next summer to pass several weeks.

The Denver Association of the Deaf joined hands with the Woodmen of the World, on September 1st, in an excursion over the Moffat Road to Tolland, Boulder Park. Many of the deaf of Denver availed themselves of the trip and reported an excellent time. The Denver Association was lately incorporated at the State Capitol, and is now better and stronger than ever. New rooms in the St. Charles Block have been secured as a meeting place. Dr. Argo recently lectured before the Association on the subject of "Fakes" in a highly amusing and instructive manner. He will lecture again in the late fall. Mr. Maynard is booked for a lecture some time during October.

Mr. Thos. Northern, of Rocky Ford, forgot baseball and the sugar beet business long enough to pass one week in Denver, three days in Colorado Springs, and the balance of two weeks in his home town, arriving in time for the celebration of "Melon day," when ten thousand cantaloupes and watermelons were distributed free to tourists and visitors. As a reminder of the day, the Rosson brothers sent crates of melons to Messrs. Campbell and Harbert, at the Springs. Mr. Harbert, who spent the summer on the Rosson farm, is back as foreman at the Institution printing office.

Mr. G. W. Veditz recently announced the names of the Local Committee of the 1910 N. A. D. Convention to be held at Colorado Springs. There is no reason why this committee should not work great wonders, as they have every advantage, natural and artificial.

Mr. John Mercer, of San Diego, and Miss Mary Donnelly, of Colo-

rado Springs, were married early in September, and are now residing in Denver.

Just as Mr. Thos. Brockman's eldest son recovered from typhoid fever, his youngest daughter was stricken with the same malady, but is reported as convalescent.

Former Easterners out this way wish to extend congratulations to the participants in the recent Thomas-Thadwell, Berger-Quirk and Moeslein-Fenall nuptials. Two thousand miles away, and a mile high horse to sit upon and forget old friends.

As we are about to mail this, report comes of severe earthquake shocks at Redlands, Cal. Mr. Fred Baars, an ex-Fanwoodite, resides there with his wife and child.

Now that Colorado has the next N. A. D. Convention, it is hoped that the Coloradans will send in their subscriptions to the JOURNAL, (the small capitals mean this paper—no other,) the official paper of the N. A. D. You will get all the news, but there is no guarantee that a suit of clothes or a plug hat will be given in return for the dollar.

The Institution had an exhibit at the State Fair, held in Pueblo, last week. Mr. Campbell arranged the articles sent for exhibit. In addition to other prizes the Institution also won a prize for its floriculture exhibit. R. E. MAYNARD.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Sept. 20.

PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE UNION PRINTER'S HOME.

(As seen from Helen Hunt's Grave, above the Seven Falls, South Cheyenne Canyon, Colorado.)

I climbed up the towering canyon, And there on a distant plain, I viewed a superb mansion Dedicated to those in pain. Never were grounds more spacious— And laid out with tender care, With a Hospital Annex of lava stone, And tents in the open air.

As I stood on the cliffs that morning In air as pure and clear, The land in its iridescent coloring Never appeared more dear. Stately balmams and evergreens, With cones of chestnuts brown, Stood out from the slopes of red granite, Down to the pregnant ground.

Far up the far-reaching valley, Just beyond Prospect Lake, Is the shining archway entrance To the Printer's Home you take. In gilded words of welcome Its object it does state— A refuge for the aged and weary— To them a grateful gate.

As you gaze on the graveled roadway, Flanked by fine maple trees, The pebbles shine like pink opals As the sunbeams glint between. And then the attention is attracted To the velvety lawns of green,— To the walks of coral whiteness; Oh, for a better scene!

To the east of these fine buildings, To pretty greenhouse lays, Shining on the plain like a diamond Under the sun's bright rays. The outhouses, barn and laundry, In the colors of red and gray, Stood out so fair and beautiful, In the light of a perfect day.

To the north of the grand Main Building Built in ninety-one, Lies acres of grain and fruit trees, Kissed by the warm June sun. While row upon row of the table greens, Furnished by mother earth, Make glad the hearts of the old men, Add strength to the invalid.

There on the plains to the backward, A herd of cattle graze, Holsteins and prim Jerseys That are just now the craze. And over three hundred chickens, Of the breeds that often lay— Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns— They cackle the live-long day.

By the side of the Hospital Annex, Shine forth the tents of white, Each a model of modern art, With steam and electric light. Here live the victims of sickness— Long-suffering illness and pains, But God's pure air and sunshine Will lead them to life again.

To the south of the "tent city," Our gaze is brought to bear, Where stands a giant white spectre That rises high in the air. 'Tis a tank of sheeted iron, Riveted and made strong— Holding thousands upon thousands of gallons Which will last the Home quite long.

And oh! what beautiful gardens Can be seen on every side; Plots in deltas and diamonds, Crescents and circles wide, Each filled with plants that are flow'ring In blossoms of every hue,— From the fragile and modest Sweet William To the gorgeous Black-eyed Sue.

What a high and uplifting influence The trees and the flowers here— To the old men and weary cripples And the invalid so near his bier. They thank the protecting union That furnishes the kindly cheer, And trust that it may continue For many and many a year.

And as you sit in the gardens, Inhaling the perfume sweet, Your eyes rest upon a scene of splendor That really can't be beat, For just to the west of the city, As far as the eye can see, Stretches a chain of mountains Entrancing you and me.

First in the line of vision, Is the grand mountain of Cheyenne, But as the clouds move westward Ponderous Pike's Peak is seen. What a wonderful rocky formation, Extending ever so high,— Its top covered with pure white snow, We wonder it reaches the sky.

As your eyes sweep from the mountain, They behold wide canons deep, Through which leap rushing waters Where only wild beasts sleep, Oh, what more beautiful mountains Exist within our land? Teaching us the power of God, And how weak the hand of man.

ROBERT E. MAYNARD.

Phil Holbrook Got The Job.

It was an extremely warm morning. Under the white awning in front of E. K. Hall & Son's large grocery store protected from the rays of the July sun, were boxes of blueberries, ruddy currants, and juicy raspberries temptingly displayed.

Below on the neatly swept walk were baskets of potatoes, green peas, radishes, and other vegetables that the early morning wagons had brought in before the dew was yet off the vines and plants.

One of the clerks of the firm, in spotless white apron and stiff paper cuffs, was spraying the bricks on either side the open door, to keep the surroundings cool and attractive. One of the elder Mr. Hall's business maxims was: "Make things neat. If custom you keep."

"It must be the place," and Phil Holbrook stood hesitatingly under the protected awning. "It's 2809—that's the number the advertisement said. Yes, this E. K. Hall & Son's," slowly reading the glittering sign above the door.

The boy was poorly but neatly dressed. He wore a pair of gray trousers, patched in one knee, a faded blue and white shirt and shoes whose soles had been worn thin; his straw hat, too, was a trifle too large—one could easily see it had been bought for some one else.

"There was an expression of eager anticipation, not unmixed with anxiety, an Phil Holbrook's face as he scanned the attractive fruit is play before the open door. "I'd like to handle such good things," he was thinking; only they look almost too nice to sell!"

"Anything I can do for you, my boy?" The clerk, with the water sprinkler still in his hand, stood inquiring before Phil. "Vegetables or fruit?" We've an excellent assortment of both this morning.

"I'd like to see—is Mr. Hall in, please?" and Phil, slightly embarrassed, looked questioningly toward the door.

"Yes; Mr. Hall's always here early—want to see him?" pleasantly. "If I may—if he's at leisure," quickly.

"Oh, I see you're one of the boys who wants the place you saw advertised. Step in; I'll take you to Mr. Hall. There's one boy here before you this morning, and I don't know how many tried yesterday—six or seven in all, I judge."

"And they didn't suit?" pressed Phil. "I am afraid I'm—"

"You can't tell," interrupted the clerk, "till you try."

Phil noticed with what exactness the groceries and canned goods were arranged on either sides of the store, as he entered.

"I'd like to work here," was his hasty conclusion; "everything is in such splendid order."

"Mr. Hall," the clerk entered a small room at the rear of the store, where an elderly man sat writing, "excuse me; I've brought—I didn't ask your name," turning to Phil. "Phil Holbrook, sir."

"He saw your advertisement in the Record?"

"Sit down," Mr. Hall turned partly around; "I'll be at leisure in a moment."

Phil's ready eye was quick to take in the surroundings of the well-lighted room; but the most noticeable thing in the comfortably furnished office was the motto over the door—it was in large Old English characters:

Be Honest Even If It Costs

"That is one of my mother's sayings," thought Phil. "I've heard her say that same thing—lots of times."

"Well, boy," Mr. Hall had finished his letter, "you saw my advertisement, and wish for the situation. Ever been in a store?"

"No, sir," frankly. "I've lived in the country till three years ago."

"Think you're cut out for this kind of work, and such strict confinement?" and the keen business man looked at Phil critically; he seemed to read his able-to-do capacity at a glance.

"I'd like to try it, sir!" Phil met the searching gaze unflinchingly.

"Very well. My plan is to give boys an on-the-spot trial—it is the only one I regard as wholly satisfactory," laying down the pen.

"Coleman!" Mr. Hall stepped to the door. "Let this fellow take the raspberry trade—the table to the left; give him the necessary directions."

"Yes, sir," and Phil followed the clerk, whom Mr. Hall had summoned, to the front of the store.

"You may take this stand here; if any one wishes raspberries, they are 15 cents a box. These are not very good—not nearly so fresh and firm as those outside; they've been the store too long. Customers are not always able to see the difference themselves—they look pretty well on top."

At the other side of the store Phil noticed another berry stand; behind it stood a boy about Phil's age. "Must be the other fellow on trial," was his hasty mental conclusion. While waiting for customers, Phil examined the raspberries in the boxes before him.

"They're awfully poor—down in the middle," turning out against his hand one after another of the

boxes of berries. Look well enough on top, but they aren't fit to sell as good berries—not a single box of them—they're not worth it," and frowned to himself.

"Are these fresh?" A lady had just come in, and stood beside Phil's berry stand. "They look very nice. If they are fresh, I should like three boxes."

"I—I think they're not, madam. They are pretty soft down towards the middle."

It seemed for a moment to Phil that he was unfaithful to his temporary employer.

"But those outside the door are plump and fresh; aren't these like them?"

"Not so good a quality."

"Very well; I will order the others as I go out," and Phil was left alone.

"I suppose I ought to have sold them—but they are not good, and I had to tell the truth," soberly. "I wonder how many the other fellow sold; I saw a woman a few minutes ago take two boxes. If he sells all of his, and I don't sell any, he will get the place," and Phil's face took on an anxious expression.

"Are they as good all through as these on top?" questioned a man who came into the store on his way down town. "Mrs. Newcomb wanted me to send up two or three boxes for dessert; I noticed some beauties outside. Are these the same?"

"They are of a better quality out there," stammered Phil, growing red in his face.

"I don't believe I want these, then," and the busy doctor went out of the store and left his order with Coleman.

"I have not disposed—of—a box!" It was five minutes before 12, and Phil had been summoned into Mr. Hall's office.

"Well, what luck?" Mr. Hall looked up inquiringly.

"I have not sold any," confessed Phil slowly.

"No? Hadn't any chances?"

Phil felt the order man's eyes searchingly on him.

"Yes, sir; but the berries I had weren't of the same quality as those outside, and so—"

"But the other fellow whose stand was over across sold nearly every box he had, and they came from the same lot as yours," Mr. Hall did not explain that before the sales referred to went out in the delivery cart, they were carefully exchanged for fresh berries, unknown to the unscrupulous young salesman.

"I had to tell the customers the truth about them when they asked me," said Phil, manfully. "Mine were soft, and I had to acknowledge it. I am sorry I have lost the place; I wanted it—"

"Lost it—who says you have lost it?" exclaimed Mr. Hall. "Your lack of sales gives you the place, boy! Had you sold those berries, as young Harriman did, you would have been seeking another place this afternoon."

He turned abruptly in his chair. "That is the motto of the firm," pointing to the words above the door.

"Then I am to have the—"

"Place?" smiling. "Yes; come tomorrow."—*Church Standard.*

TUBERCULOSIS.

The State Department of Health has announced in its *Monthly Bulletin* that the first demonstration of its Travelling Tuberculosis Exhibition will be given in connection with the meetings of the Seventh Conference of State Sanitary Officers, during the week of October 14th-19th, in Convention Hall, Buffalo.

This will mark the beginning of an educational campaign looking toward the dissemination of information to all sections of the State regarding the means of preventing the spread of tuberculosis and the proper management and treatment of those who have the disease.

The Exhibition will fully illustrate what is being done in the State of New York by the State Hospital at Ray Brook, the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium at Trudeau, the Loomis Sanitarium at Liberty, the Montefiore Sanitarium at Bedford, and the Sanatoria under the jurisdiction of the cities of New York, Rochester and Buffalo, in the care and treatment of consumptives. Models of some of the buildings of these institutions will be exhibited.

It will also show the educational and other methods used by the various municipal anti-tuberculosis leagues or societies whose object is to prevent the spread of consumption.

All the various appliances and apparatus, furniture, special clothing, and all other materials utilized by both of these groups of workers will also be an important part of the Exhibition.

The State Veterinary College and the State Veterinarian will also contribute interesting charts, tables, maps and pathological specimens showing the prevalence and the means of preventing the spread of tuberculosis in domestic animals such as cattle and hogs.

This Travelling Exhibition will be demonstrated during the next year in various parts of the State. The State Department of Health, The State Charities Aid Society, and the

Charity Organization Society of New York, and similar organizations in the various cities of the State will work in close co-operation in this great movement to lower the present high death rate from consumption. This disease now carries off thirteen thousand persons annually in this State. Every person owes it to himself to acquire and put into daily practice all possible knowledge concerning the methods of preventing the spread of this terrible disease.

The disease is preventable and curable in the earlier stages if properly treated.

A wise man will neither say nor do whatever anger would provoke him to.

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE
Deaf-Mutes' Journal

ONLY
\$1 a Year.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

MR. OGDEN D. BUDD,
44 Broad Street,
New York, N. Y.

COMMITTEE OF ENDORSEMENT.

The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York.
The Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., Rector of Grace Church.
The Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church.
The Rev. Ernest M. Stires, D.D., Rector of St. Thomas Church.
Mr. Isaac N. Seligman, 35 West 54th Street.
Mr. Theodore W. Myers, 31 West 46th Street.
Mr. William E. Sugar, 118 West 3rd Street.
Mr. J. Van Vechten Olcott, 33 West 72 Street.
Mr. William G. Davis, 35 East 45th Street.
Mr. Henry Lewis Morris, 4 Exchange Place.
Mr. James B. Ford, 4 East 43d Street.
Mr. John H. Washburn, 119 Broadway.
Mr. H. H. Cammann, 51 Liberty Street.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Rev. Arthur H. Judge, M.A., Rector of St. Matthew's Parish and St. Ann's Church, 35 West 84th Street.
Dr. J. Howard Reed, Junior, Wardens of St. Matthew's Parish, 126 West 5th Street.
The Hon. Thomas L. James, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York.

BUY THE

NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

WE MAKE A VARIETY.

THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST. The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The Double Feed combined with other strong points makes the New Home the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

23 Union Sq., N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Atlanta, Ga., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

"THE NEW LINE"

ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTATION CO.

\$2.00 TO BOSTON

\$1.00 to Providence. \$1.00 to Fall River.

Quick and Perfect Service. Steamers leave Pier 10, East River, Week days, 5 P.M., stopping Recreation Pier, East 24th St., 5.30 P.M.

Phone, 2800 Broad. Wireless Telegraphy.



We are still here.

We continue to grow.

We are paying dividends as usual.

We offer as heretofore:

1. A safe investment for sav-
ings.

2. An inducement to save.

Our stockholders have that satisfied feeling.

For information address:

JAY COOKR HOWARD, Sec'y,
Duluth, Minn.

NORFOLK N. A. D.

Only photograph containing the whole Convention. Made by A. L. Pach, July 4th, 1907:

Finest Finish, - - \$1.50
Good Finish, - - 1.25
Unmounted, - - 1.00

Address: